the leman mine, and a mery heart liues long a.

Falſt. Well ſaid maſter Scilens.

Scilens And we ſhall be mery, now comes in the ſweete a'th night.

Falſt Health and long life to you maſter Scilens.

Scilens Fill the cuppe, and let it come, ile pledge you a mile too'th bottome.

Shal. Honeſt Bardolfe, welcome, if thou wantſt any thing, and wilt not call, beſhrew thy heart, welcome my little tiny theefe, and welcome indeede too, Ile drink to maſter Bardolfe, and to all the cabileros about London.

Dauy I hope to ſee London once ere I die.

Bar. And I might ſee you there Dauy!

Shal. By the mas youle crack a quarte together, ha will you not maſter Bardolfe?

Bar. Yea ſir, in a pottle pot.

Sha. By Gods liggens I thanke thee, the knaue will ſticke by thee, I can aſſure thee that a wil not out, a tis true bred!

Bar. And ile ſtick by him ſir. *One knockes at doore.*

Sha. Why there ſpoke a King: lacke nothing, be mery, looke who's at doore there ho, who knockes?

Falſt. Why now you haue done me right.

Silens Do me right, and dub me Knight, ſamingo: iſt not ſo?

Falſt. Tis ſo.

Silens Iſt ſo, why then ſay an olde man can do ſomewhat.

Dauy And't pleaſe your worſhip, theres one Piſtoll come from the court with newes. *enter Piſtol.*

Falſt. From the Court? let him come in, how now Piſtol?

Piſtol Sir Iohn, God ſaue you.

Falſt. What wind blew you hither Piſtol?

Piſtol Not the ill winde which blowes no man to good: ſweete Knight, thou art now one of the greateſt men in this Realme.

Silens Birlady I think a be, but goodman Puffe of Barſon.

Piſto Puffe? Puffe ith thy teeth, moſt recreant coward, baſe, ſir Iohn, I am thy Piſtol and thy frend, and helter skelter, haue

I rode to thee, and tidings do I brin
den times, and happy news of price

Iohn I pray thee now deliuer
world.

Piſtol A footre for the world an
of Affrica and golden ioyes.

Iohn O baſe Aſſirian Knight! w
Couetua know the truth thereof.

Scilens And Robin Hood, Scat

Piſtol Shal dunghill curs confro
good newes be baffled? then Piſtol

Shal. Honeſt gentleman, I kno

Piſtol Why then lament therefo

Shal. Giue me pardon ſir, if ſir y
the court, I take it theres but two w
conceale them, I am ſir vnder the K

Piſtol Vnder which King, Beſo

Shal. Vnder King Harry.

Piſtol Harry the fourth, or fift?

Shal. Harry the fourth.

Piſt A fowtre for thine office: ſi
now is King: Harry the fifts the ma
Piſtol lies, do this, and fig me, like th

Falſt What is the old King dea

Piſtol As nayle in doore, the thin

Fal. Away Bardolfe, ſaddle my h
chooſe what office thou wilt in the l
double charge thee with dignities.

Bard. O ioyful day! I would not
tune.

Piſtol What? I do bring good ne

Falſt. Carry maſter Scilens to be
lord Shalow, be what thou wilt, I am
thy boots, weel ride al night: ô ſweet
Piſtol, vtter more to me, and withall
thy ſelfe good, boote, boote maſter S

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